HOW MME. MELBA TRAVELS.

A VERITABLE PALACE TO CARRY HER ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

The Luxury of the Pullman Car Melba and Its Services-Enormous Cost of Domestic Comfort in Traveling.

If there is science in song, there is science also in railroading. Melba will make a triumphal start from Chicago upon her ambitious tour across the Rocky mountains to the Pacific slope, and including Kansas City, conveyed like a queen of the royal blood, with the most luxurious of modern railroad equipment. The diva is like unto others of her charming sex, in that she enjoys the comforts of as much domesticity as can be introduced into her daily life of conquest over the hearts of the worshipers at melody's shrine. Wherever Melba elects to live, there will be found some womanly evidence of the love of home. Therefore, when the fair ruler of the domain of harmony elected to explore new fields of golden promise and to salute the anticipating cars of thousands, in the boundless stretch of United States territory west of the great Mississippi, she likewise elected to be conveyed beyond the Father of Waters upon a traveling basis in some manner equivalent to her exalted state in the world of

Having so decided, Melha engaged the counsel of the business director of her fortunes, Mr. Charles A. Ellis. The result

tails of the interior of her sieeping department would make interesting reading. for they are perfect. Then there are two snug little rooms adjoining, in one of which her companion sleeps, and in the further her mails.

THERE APPEARS TO BE MANY

HEALER OF THE ILLS OF DOGS.

"Miss Alice Shaw, Canine Physical Country of the Companion sleeps, and in the Country of th further her maids.

A few steps along the corridor and the

A few steps along the corridor and the reception room opens into the observation part of the car. This coign of vantage gives Melba and her party the opportunity of seeing vast and magnificent countries through which she will pass, as it can only be seen from the observation car. The finest type of a bijou grand piano occuples a small corner of the reception room. And with this as her companion, Melba can beguile some of the hours of travel, which grow monotonous; or she can delight her companions and such members of her company as enjoy her intimate acquaintance.

company as enjoy her intimate acquaintance.

In the center of the car is the dining
room. Like the rest of the "Melba," it is
par excellence. The snowlest of linen,
finest of cut glass, and brightest of silver,
and the keenest of steel, is at her service
here. Whether on plain, prairie, mountain
top or snow fields, Melba will eat with just
the same degree of comfort and enjoyment
as if she were at the dining table in her
own salon. To the forward end is the
kitchen and pantry; in fact, everything
that pertains to the science of cooking
and refrigerating, as well as quarters for
the chef and his assistants.

It has been estimated by some one who

the chef and his assistants.

It has been estimated by some one who claims to know that the privilege and enjoyment and luxury of Melba's traveling—as no other prima donna ever dreamed of traveling—will cost for the two months of her transcontinental tour (from the time she inaugurates it until she leaves the movable home at New York to take the steamer for Europe) the snug and tidy trifle of \$11,600—a considerable slice from the estimated profit which the diva, with a natural desire, expects to make from her jaunt to the Pacific and over the big mountains and plains.

and plains.

And yet, there is economy in this and sound business sense and judgment back of



MEL BA

of their joint conferences and the co-opera-tion of the Pullman company is probably the most delightful, luxurious and homelike dwelling place ever placed upon wheels, and in this real movable palace of American in genuity Nellie Melba will live.

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dwelling place ever placed upon wheels, and
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ingenuity Nellie Melba will live.

The rolling palace "Melba," named in
honor of the fair cantatrice, is a pretty
expensive house to live in. Even if the diva
moves every day she must pay the rent,
the price per diem is \$50-a pretty tidy sum
for housekeeping to accommodate a party
of six; reckoned in dollars by the year it
will reach the total of \$18.29. The arbitrary
charge for moving this snug little house on
rollers is the price of fifteen first class railroal tares. When the company gets east
of Chicago and St. Louis again, it will take
the price of eighteen first class tickets to
ever the car. This makes a genteel item
of \$3.500 over the entire trip, with Melba
landed in New York ready to sail for Europe to open the season of grand opera at
the Covent Garden the lat of June. It will
he seen that it costs more to move the
house on wheels than it does to rent it.

Melba Has a Substantial Appetite.

Melba Has a Substantial Appetite. Up to this point we have only the furnished home and its motive power. Now comes the incidentals-if one cares to so call food, chef, waiter, porter, maids, servants or the myriad of incidentals that keep swelling the roll of expense. The singer has as deep an admiration for her chef as the world of music has for Melba. She thinks he is to other chefs what Jean de

the world of music has for Melba. She thinks he is to other chefs what Jean de Reszke is to other tenors, and as for her own waiter-well.— she calls him the Edouard de Reszke of waiters-conveying the delicate compliment thereby, that he simply dwarfs all others. Melba thinks this is the highest compliment she can pay the famous brothers, and at her Parisial saion, she has often entertained the De Reszke brothers-singers, with the artistic culinary productions of the De Reszke brothers-chef and waiter.

Facts, again, call attention to the cost of these incidentals; price per month, chef 1200; price per month, waiter \$75. Then to guard against any of the thousand trifling incidents that befall a traveler, and which only experienced railroaders can obviate, there is a conductor for the "Melba" and a sable and dignified porter, who receives visitors in the observation end of the car with as much ceremony as President Me-Kinley's dusky coadjutor does at the entrance to the private office of the chief executive. These items consume respectively \$75 and \$20 per month.

A Summary.

Now comes one of the chief items, that of food-for even Melba must eat, and it is American dollars to Parislan centimes that when she feels the bracing airs of Colorado and the breezes that blow over the Rockies, she will eat as even Melba has never eaten before. There must be food of every kind and quality the choicest. Here is the timerary of expense on mat-ters that can be coldly calculated:

of private car "Melba"...
of transportation for same.
loca of personal chef (2 months).
loca of personal waiter (2 months).

The Furnishings.

And now comes the car itself. Out of compliment to the diva the Pullman company

WOMAN DEPUTY SHERIFF. She Is Miss Claire H. Ferguson

Daughter of a Distinguished

Utah Woman. Miss Claire H. Ferguson, daughter of Dr. Ellen B. Ferguson, one of the distinguished romen of Utah, is a deputy sheriff in Salt Lake City. Miss Ferguson was born in Utah and educated at the state university. "I have served as deputy sheriff since last June," said Miss Furguson to a correspondent of New York World, "although I was not legally qualified until last month, when I attained my majority. I am under \$1,500 bonds. I have charge of the civil work, and at the same time I am studying lew."

When asked about her duties as deputy when asked about her duties as deputy sheriff and if they were onerous or danger-ous. Miss Ferguson replied: "I am empowered to serve a writ of at-tachment or summons, impanel jurors, ar-rest a desperado or officiate at the hanging of an outlaw. I have never had any ex-



MISS CLAIRE H. FERGUSON. perience worth recording in shooting off a

pistol, but if it is necessary, I suppose can learn this means of enforcing the Miss Ferguson says she cannot rememhas rerguson says she cannot remember the time when she was not interested in politics and law. When her term expires us deputy sheriff she will apply herself seriously to the study of law, and some years hence we may hear of "Judge Claire Perguson," with another name, doubtless, added.

young lady is extremely prepossess. The young lady is extremely prepossessing in appearance and is considered one of the belles of Salt Lake City society. She is musical, fond of athletics and rides, drives and cycles. Her father was a successful physician in Utah, and on his side she is related to the family of the late General U. S. Grant. Her mother traces her anestry back to Earl of Warwick, the "kingmaker."

Not Expected to Know Until Taught. Elbert Hubbard in the Philistine.

pliment to the diva the Pullman company has given it her title. It is the very latest output of the shops and the very extreme of luxury in good taste and appointment. Melba's boudeir is in white and gold. She sleeps not in a folding berth like the great traveling public who makes the building of Pullman cars possible, but rests her weariness upon the soft and yielding appointments necessary for healthy sleep upheld by a massive brass bedstead. The de-

THERE APPEARS TO BE MANY THINGS THAT THEY CAN DO.

Plain Looking Women Are Preferred as Nurses; Keen Witted Ones Are Required as Spies-Instances of Women's Work.

The president and secretary of war are receiving letters from patriotic women all over the country anxious to be mustered into service in case there should be an outbreak of war with Spain, says the New York Herald. A letter received at the White House, and addressed "President McKinley, Washington, D. C.," reads:
"I write asking if I would be of any use to you in this Cuba trouble. I am only a woman, but I can nurse the sick and wounded. I only wish I were a man. I would go and volunteer to take one of our unfortunate one's place who went down with the Maine. If you need women to nurse, or in any way I can be of service to you for my country's sake, please let me know. I am strong, weigh 150 pounds, height five feet five and one-half inches, age 27 years, and a good nurse. Hoping to be of service to my God and country, I am at your command."

Another says: "I was one of the first volunteer nurses during the war of the rebellion; experienced on transports and in hospitals. If there is another war I am ready."

A Canadian woman, who says her brother fought for our flag in the late war, offer her services, and adds in her letter to the president: "Failing the position of nurse, I shall be glad to give my services in any other capacity where I may be of use." would go and volunteer to take one of our

From away down in Colorado another From away down in Colorado another woman, who addresses her letter "War Department." offers her services in these words: "Should there be a war between the United States and Spain, would there be any show for us to get transportation? We are nurses, and strong, healthy women. There are two of us, aged 35 years."

These are several examples of the correspondence being received from American women.

women.

In the event of an outbreak with Spain positions in the army will be open to many women, the number of course depending upon the extent of the struggle. During the late war hundreds of women served in many capacities with relation to the army, most of them nurses, some as spies and others as purveyors, laundresses, etc.

spies and others as purveyors, laundresses, etc.
Should a great war break out the hospital corps of the army would have to
employ a great number of women nurses.
Secretary Alger would probably appoint
an experienced woman as superintendent
of nurses. In 1861, at the beginning of the
civil war, Secretary of War Cameron appointed Miss Dorothea Dix for this duty.
She offered her services without compensation, and nurses selected by her were
found upon every battle field from Bull
Run to Appomattox. They were in every
Union hospital.

Union hospital.

While the typical army nurse is always described by the idealist as a youthful, tender "angel of mercy," with a beautiful face, it is interesting to know that generals in command of armies prefer middle aged and homely women for such service. A circular distributed by the superintendent of purpose in 1821 read.

aged and homely women for such service. A circular distributed by the superintendent of nurses in 1851 read:

"No woman under 30 need apply. All nurses are required to be very plain looking women. Their dresses must be either brown or black, with no bows, no curls or jewelry and no hoop skirts."

The nay given to nurses in the late war was \$12 a month, but it is said that hundreds of women of social rank and position, without waiting to be formally mustered in, served without pay or hope of reward. She who is now volunteering to aid in a conflict with Spain is not the "new woman." but the same patriotic creature who offered herself to her flag in 1861.

General Sherman called "Mother Bickerdyke." the celebrated nurse of the civil war, one of his "best generals."

The woman who could be the most conspicuous of her sex in the great war hetween the United States and Spain is Miss Clara Barton, president of the American Red Cross, who is now caring for the starving Cubans.

Should a war break out with Spain, woman's most valuable military service will be done at home. As soon as the first gun of the civil war was tired, woman's work for both the Union and Confederate causes began in earnest. Within a month after President Lincoln called for the first army of 15,000 volunteers, an association of New York women had chosen from hundreds of candidates 100 competent nurses to be trained by the physicians and surgeons of this city. At the same time women throughout the country organized soiders'

this city. At the same time women throughout the country organized soldiers' aid societies, sewing circles fairs and entertainments of various sorts for the purpose of furnishing the brave boys both necessities and delicacies. Trains running into Washington were weighted down with a tremendous accumulation of freight for this purpose. Its distribution was finally turned over to the sanitary commission, which co-operated during the war with women's clubs and societies throughout the entire North. After each battle agents distributed the supplies as received.

Statistics show that during the late war the women's organizations raised altogether fifty millions of dollars among them societies in the Northern states, the amount just appropriated by congress to put the necessities and delicacies. Trains running

societies in the Northern states, the amount just appropriated by congress to put the nation upon an effective defensive footing. The little girls of the North, by their miniature fairs and handwork, contribut-ed \$100,000. miniature fairs and handwork, contributed \$100,000.

Women might serve this government as sples in a great war. That a woman cannot keep a secret herself or let any one else keep one is not born out by certain secret archives kept in a large fireproof safe in the war department. One of the most active and reliable Union sples in the late war was a woman, who worked successfully for a long period. Eventually, however, she was caught by the enemy and hanged to a tree. Martial law, which states that "the spy is punishable by death by hanging by the neck," has no respect for sex.

The story is told of a Confederate brigadler general who sent his wife in the night to one of our generals with the proposal that he would for \$1.000 so place his force that it might be captured by the Yunkees without any trouble. It is related by an officer that the proposal was accepted and that the Northern troops captured the force as arranged.

THE HANDKERCHIEF WE USE. Three Hundred and Twenty-Eight Million Five Hundred Thousand

Consumed in a Year.

from the Washington Star. "Very few people outside the trade," said a leading wholesale dealer in handkerchiefs "are aware that the consumption of handkerchiefs throughout the United of handkerchiefs throughout the United States amounts to about 75,000 dozen daily. This means 27,375,000 dozen yearly, or about 225,500,000 single handkerchiefs. To satisfy this enormous demand there are always kept in stock in this city at least 350,000,000 handkerchiefs. It would be extremely difficult to say what such a supply of goods is worth in the aggregate, as handkerchiefs seil at wholesale at anywhere from 30 cents. seil at wholesale at anywhere from 30 cents to \$40 per dozen, according to quality and finish. But the figures which I have given you are not exaggerated and they throw a strong light on the gigantic dimensions of an important branch of the dry goods

"A comparatively small number of hand-kerchiefs are manufactured in this country, and those that are made here are mostly of the cotton and inferior silk variety. The finest silk goods are imported principally from Japan. which country sends us annually between 1,000,000 and 18,000,000 Japanese pongees. The best cambric article comes from France and Belgium and linen handkerchiefs come from the north of Ireland and also from St. Galls. Switzerland. Japanese silk handkerchiefs are worth from \$1 to \$40 per dozen and the cotton product manufactured in Pennsylvania and New Jersey may be had for 20 cents per dozen. "A comparatively small number of hand-

ents per dozen.
"The capital invested in this business is immense. It may possibly amount to \$100,000,000, but, owing to the fact that the trade is distributed, nothing like accurate trade is distributed, nothing like accurate figures can be given. There are six or seven firms in the dry goods district which deal exclusively in handkerchiefs. But only two of these houses handle the domestic article exclusively. Most of the large American factories are located outside of the city, but New York, as in several other branches of the dry goods business, is the great distributing center for the trade."

Elbert Hubbard in the Philistine.

Out of Philistia comes this on a postal card: PECCAT PECK.

How dare you peck at Peck?

Or is it your vocation
To try to put a check
To public Peck-ulation?

"Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "I has mer s'picions dat dat boy er mine doesn' show mo' respeck foh advice 'case he sees how little his father done gone got out'n it."—Washington Star.

for Dogs in Chicago. "Miss Alice Shaw, canine physician," her cards read. Sne is a fair-haired, enegetic young woman who lives with her mother at No. 679 Sedgwick street, Chicago, says at No. 6,9 sedgwick street, Chicago, says the Journal. Back of their living apartments are rooms fitted with rubber cots, on which repose sick and wounded dogs. It is a hospital in every feature with all the appliances necessary to the treatment of the sick.

Miss Shaw frankly admits that she became a dog doctor to earn her living. Her father was a prosessor in Oxford. She has

Miss Shaw frankly admits that she became a dog doctor to earn her living. Her father was a professor in Oxford. She has a sister who married a millionaire and lives in luxury. They do not speak. "I am often turned out of bed," said the doctor, showing the hospital to a reporter, "to tend the buildogs hurt in lights. There are lots of these quiet affairs around here. There comes a knock at the back



MISS ALICE SHAW

door, and when I answer a man hands a dog in to me. I ask no questions and tell no tales."

But this is only one side of the trade. Fashionable cariages roll up to the door and women of wealth step out cuddling in their arms some "darling" that is afflicted with misfortune—a bad cold, a sore throat, a sprained limb or the dreaded distemper.

flicted with misfortune—a bad cold, a sore throat, a sprained limb or the dreaded distemper.

One room is fitted up especially for distemper cases—none other is treated here.

"These are our worst cases," explained Miss Shaw, "as they are so contagious," and she threw open the door to this room. A long-haired spaniel with a woe-begone look in her eyes lay upon a blanket, looking for all the world like a sick child. About the spaniel's breast was a hot poultice. The dog semed to know the cloth was for her good, but whined piteously as she looked down at this bandage, so unusual in dog life. It was an appeal for sympathy much as a little one would point to a wounded hand with tearful eyes.

In one of the rooms, curled up on a rubber blanket, was a great bull pup with red eyes and torn body. There was another in the next room.

There was a big mastiff in the fourth room suffering from a broken hind leg. Splints held the limb in place, and wooden props kept the animal from interfering with the knittling of the bone.

In the front apartments were a terrier and a spaniel. These were convalescents and had the run of the house.

Dr. Shaw has three pet fox-terriers called "Fly," "Biddy" and "Sally," that have carried off more than one award at bench shows. "Fly is the particular favorite and is really a wonderful dog.

"She sings like a nightingale," declared Miss Shaw, and she started a popular air. The terrier took up the chorus with a how which ran up and down the musical scale as closely upon the nightingale order as a canine voice could approach.

"Biddy" was stolen recently and impris-

canine voice could approach.
"Biddy" was stolen recently and imprisoned in a fence for stolen dogs on North Clark street. Miss Shaw slipped a hatchet under her cloak and went after her property. Brandishing the ugly looking weapon, she walked into the place. She got her pet.

A GIRL EVANGELIST.

Miss Scott Is Preaching in Philadelphia With Success-Her Story.

Miss Catherine Scott, the only girl evangelist in this country, has been attract-ing considerable attention in Philadelphia of late, where she has been holding revival meetings in the Presbyterian churches. Miss Scott is only 21 years of age and enjoys the distinction of being the first woman who has ever been permitted to weach in the Presbyterian churches of the

Quaker city.

She is a remarkably magnetic talker, and holds her audience with ease, while the religious influence she apparently exerts over the crowd is remarkable, as is evidenced by the large numbers of converts at all her meetings. When Miss Scott was asked the other day to furnish particulars regarding her career, and to tell why she became an exampelist, she said.

career, and to tell why she became an evangelist, she said:
"I was born in the suburbs of Glasgow, Scotland, in 1876. My grandfather on my father's side was a farmer in the North of Scotland, and he was recognized throughout the country as being one of the most Godly men of his time. My mother comes from one of the oldest country families in Wightonshire, Scotland, and from her



MISS CATHERINE SCOTT.

I have the blood of the old Scottish Cover-

I have the blood of the old Scottish Covernanters in my veins. I was converted at a very early age and after finishing my education, i, with my parents, came to America four years ago. Being brought up in the Presbyterian church from childhood, we united with the Bethesda Presbyterian church of Philadelphia.

"A number of the ladies of the church, seeing my strong desire to become an evangelist, became very much interested in me, and they sent me to Colonel H. H. Hadley, in New York city. I remained in his great mission on East Forty-second street for some time, and after speuding an enjoyable time with him in his great work, I came back to Philadelphia, God helping me to come out as an evangelist in the Presbyterian church. As the church never had been open to women before, I knew the battle would be a hard one. I knew the battle would be a hard one. I went and saw a number of ministers, and they did not seem very willing to let me in, but I held on, and one bright day Dr. Wilbur Chapman, of Bethany mission (Mr. John Wanamaker's) sent for me to come and address an enormous meeting.

"I went, and the Sunday school building was packed. That was my beginning. The first man in Philadelphia to open his pulpit to me was Dr. Andrew Jackson Sullivan, of Trinity Presbyterian church, and I heid a week's meetings with him last January, and on my last Sunday the church was packed to overflowing, and many souls were brought from darkness into light from his church. I have since been in other Presbyterian churches in Philadelphia, and have always been favorably received."

Genuine Love Test.

From the New York Weekly.

Clara (with emotion)—"George, are you sure you will always love me?"

George (fervently)—"While life lasts, my own." Ciara (suppressing a tear)—"George, if

trials and tribulations should come—"
George (amazed)—"My heart is yours alone, my love, and always will be."
Clara (sobbing)—"George are you sure, perfectly sure, that nothing—nothing at all—could cool your affection?" George (thoroughly alarmed)—"My gra-ious! What's happened? Has your father

Clara (hysterically)—"Worse. Far worse." George (much relieved)—"Tell me all, my angel; I can bear it." angel; I can bear it."

Clara (with a heroic effort)—"George,
I've—I've got a—a boil coming on my

Correction Wanted.

"Are you the society editor?" asked the large lady who seemed to fill the room.
"No, madam," said the one addressed.
"I am only the court reporter."
"Really? I am surprised. But perhaps you will do. Your paper said in its account of the affair at my house that floral decorations 'lent beauty to the scene.' I wish you would have your paper state that the floral beauty was not lent. Everything was paid for."

THINK OF THE SETTING HEN

AND KNOW WHAT A MYSTERY OF MYSTERIES SHE IS.

When She Will She Will, and When She Won't That Settles It-The Impatient Minorca-A Peaceful Man's Brotlers.

Now is the time to set a hen for early chickens-and the early chicken is the only one that will lay eggs next winter when they are worth 50 cents a dozen. The chicken that is born on or before the first day of March is worth dozens born in May or June, when all the hens want to set. The trouble is to find the hen who is inclined to incubation in the month of February. Generally speaking, she must be a March chicken herself; therefore to have March chickens, you must first have March chickens. It is like the great eco-nomic proposition: To make money you must have money to make it with. How-ever, it is not necessary to inherit March pullets; they can be acquired at reasonable rates; and every practical hen keeper-aside rates; and every practical hen keeper-aside from those wholesale gentlemen who can devote all their time and attention to the monumental task of making incubators incubate, and who are consequently independent of the natural means of incubation-will tell you that the early-born pullet, who is under a sort of natural compulsion to lay early herself, is, even when of no breed at all, of more value than the high-bred fowl who declines to may any eggs until the balmy springtime has come and eggs can be bought for 15 cents a dozen.

eggs until the balmy springtime has come and eggs can be bought for 15 cents a dozen.

The eccentricities of the setting hen are beyond all account. No power on earth or heaven can prevent certain hens from setting half their lives. They will set on good eggs, on bad eggs, on china eggs, on stones, on sticks, on nothing at all. Turned out of one place, they will set in any other. By actual experiment a certain Plymouth Rock (of whose breed one of the many noble qualities is broodiness) persisted in setting for six weeks running, though she was given no eggs at all and was treated with the greatest contumely, being moved from pillar to post and afflicted with sharp-cornered cobblestones, and daily driven away with violence from her pathetic attempt to convert these ignominious rocks into the noble ones of Plymouth. At the end of the six weeks she did give upfurther setting, but she appeared to entertain no grudge on account of her treatment, and would on occasion come out and eat out of the hands of her late tormentors. It was in the autumn when she made this Quixotic attempt, and she had already in this same year brought off two fine broods of chickens—one in early March and the other in June.

Hens That Will Not Set.

Hens That Will Not Set.

Other hens will never set at all. The white Minorcas—those hens with great combs, which look exactly like roosters and are called "Catalans" by the Spanish—will lay perhaps more eggs in a year than any other sort of hen, and it is unlikely that any one of them was ever known to hatch a brood of chickens. The Minorcas will, indeed, sometimes begin to set, but they seem to be under the impression that three days ought to be, in all conscience, a long enough time in which to hatch out an egg, and at the expiration of about that time they will abandon the attempt with a great flutter and much denunciatory oratory. If they are fastened down on the nest with a board placed above their backs, they will stand up as high as they can under the board and let the cold air addle their eggs. It is doubtful if ever any human being, male or female, wicked or plous. Christian or pagan, ever got through without profanity an attempt to make a Minorca hen set. There are other breeds of non-setters, which are not merely too numerous but also too contemptible to mention. The Plymouth Rock will not lay so many eggs in a year as the Minorca, but she will lay what she does lay when you want them, and she will perpetuate her kind.

Strange to say, another kind of hen that makes a good mother is the game hen. She seems to be engaged in an attempt to prove that a certain amount of Amazonianism is not inconsistent with a proper regard for the dutles of motherhood. A very peaceful gentleman, not unconnected with the work of the Humane Society, moved into the country three or four years ago. Having occasion to purchase two or three settings of eggs, he bought one of a good working woman, who lived on the outskirts of the town, and who happened to have male relatives of sporting proclivities, though the gentleman did not know that, and would hardly affect the hensegs turned out beautifully, and in due time some exquisite little red chickens were running about with the old gray hen who had been their foster mother. The chickens were son petty that they were admired white Minorcas-those hens with great combs, which look exactly like roosters

eggs turned out beautifully, and in due time some exquisite little red chickens were running about with the old gray hen who had been their foster mother. The chickens were so pretty that they were admired above all others on the place. They grew apace, and before long their owner discovered that they were engaged in warfare most of the time, either with one another or with other little chickens. Redouhtable fighters they were, too, and while any one of them would easily whip any chicken of any other brood, when they fought with one another it seemed to be a fight to the death. The peaceable gentleman deprecated these contests very much, but he was powerless to prevent them. What could make them fight so?

By and by a village tradesman who happened to be at the place one day noticed the chickens, looked at the gentleman who owned them, winked broadly and remarked. "Raisin' games, eh?" "Raising what?" asked the humane gentleman. "Why, game fowls." returned the other. "Game fowls? What can you be talking about?" said the gentleman, getting a little nettled; "why, I never thought of such a thing! "Well, them's game chickens, just the same." said the tradesman. A light dawned on the humane gentleman's mind. The proclivities of the men of the household from which he had purchased the setting of eggs had indeed led them to a partiality for game fowls, and by innocently buying a baker's dozen of eggs from the woman of the house and setting them under a hen he had unconsciously embarked in the business of keeping fighting cocks! He sacrificed the brood as soon as they were big enough to broil, and found them most excellent eating; but it is doubtful if he will ever he able to get up a reputation in that town as a preventer of cruelty to animals.

Story of a Hen and Her Chicks.

The following true story is sent by a lady: Out in a quiet corner of the garden, in two big barrels lying on their sides den, in two big barrels lying on their sides, sat two expectant hens patiently awaiting the happy day when the joys of freedom, so dear to their hearts, should be enhanced through sharing it with a nestling, peeping brood of downy darlings all their own. What lover of hens has not seen, during these periods of peaceful anticipation, the tender gleam of the eye, akin to that of the human dreamer, and the expression of gravity, revealing a latent sense of coming responsibility and trust which steals over the habitually immoble countenance of the much maligned hen?

The hours of the long, bright spring days slowly ran their course, and half of the allotted time of waiting had been uncomplainingly endured by one of the pair, while her neighbor had just entered upon her term of enforced seciusion, when one night a fierce tempest swept down upon those two humble dwellings. The wind and rain came with such terrific force that it seemed nothing short of a mountain could withstand it. The next morning we hastened to the spot, prepared to find utter ruin and dismay, instead of which, to our great surprise, we found the frail habitations still standing. Moreover, they were still tenanted, although there were unmistakable signs of hardship and suffering having been heroically met by those two stout hearts. On closer examination, however, we found that a singular thing had happened. During the confusion, the panic caused by the storm, the two had lost their heads—not literally, as we had at first feared—and had mistaken their own nests; sat two expectant hens patiently awaiting

ever, we found that a singular thing had happened. During the confusion, the panic caused by the storm, the two had lost their heads—not literally, as we had at first feared—and had mistaken their own nests; each was occupying the home of the other, so that the hen who knew nothing of the fatigue of long watching became usurper, while the other was in danger of becoming quite discouraged at finding her hopes indefinitely deferred.

One can better imagine than describe the evident surprise and delight of the usurper when at the end of only a week and a half of sitting on her part eight little, downy, fluffy balls of warmth and merriment briskly tapped their way into the sunlight and nestled close to the maternal bosom. Whether the other then received her first intimation that something was amiss we never knew; but after waiting a little longer the conviction of fraud seemed to take compete possession of her. She could endure the suspense no longer, and one morning, seeing the joyful matron passing by in all her full-blown pride, surrounded by her appropriated blessings, she ingloriously forsook the eggs and fled to unite herself to her rightful children. Another surprise awaited us, in the gratifying discovery of hitherto unsuspected nobility in the hen nature. The true mother's rights were not for a moment contested by the interloper, neither was there any attempt on the part of the legal occupant to drive the other from the field; no complication whatever arose, but the unusual situation was accepted magnanimously and apparently on terms of equality, and the happy little brood, flanked by the two watchful protectors, made a pretty group as they strolled

about through the soft spring grass. It would be interesting to know the nature of the compact formed by the two adults, and in what capacity the mother really figured, as mistress or maid.

REHEARSING THE WEDDING. How the Groom Was Nervous, but Was Stimulated to

Courage. From the New York Commercial Advertiser.

He had been so ecstatically happy ever since she consented to be married Easter week that she was a bit startled when he came to see her the other evening looking

disturbed and serious.
"I have come to tell you something." he "I have come to tell you something." he stammered. "And to—to tell you—to know if you would mind——" he stopped and sighed, "doing me a favor." He looked at her, but she sat waiting for him to continue.

"Text, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Deuchier, he spent a week or two with the family, and took great interest in the 6-year-old time."

"Text and Mrs. Benjamin Deuchier, he spent a week or two with the family, and took great interest in the 6-year-old time."

her, but she sat waiting for him to continue.

"It's—about the—the wedding," he went on. "I met Nell in the street, and she told me you had asked her to be one of your bridesmalds. Yes, I know it was I who insisted that we should have a big wedding. I want you to have all your friends around you, dear. I want flowers and music and merriment. I don't want to be selfish. You know I don't. But—hut I had forgotten about the rehearsal. Is it possible, would you or could you get on without a rehearsal? Or, if you must have one, couldn't you get on without me?"

He was quite pale and anxious waiting for her answer. She did not know whether to laugh or be angry.

"I think we can manage without you." she said at last. "But I hope you won't mind taking part in the ceremony proper, will you?"

"You see how it is," he explained, when the great weight was off his mind. "I've been to more rehearsals than I can count, but it's hardly necessary to say I never played leading man; best man once or

THE ROMANCE OF A YOUNG CALI-FORNIA RANCHMAN.

John E. Wilson Married the Girl With Whom He Fell in Love When She Was a Mere Baby.

John E. Wilson, who owns a ranch near Cucomga, Cal., has married a bride for whom he waited fourteen years, says the

Emma Deuchler, who became very fond of him. Before he left he had admitted to himself alone that he was in love with a babe, and he vowed to win and wed her. Before he had turned his face toward home Wilson got a promise from little Emma to print him a few words of a letter at least once in every two weeks. He in turn agreed to write her a pleasing message once a week and to send her remembrances from California. The Deuchler parents thought it very good of the son of their old-time friends, the San Diego Wilsons, to take such an interest in their little child, and Mrs. Deuchler was especially pleased at the epistolary interest John took in 7-year-old Emma.

Boxes of Love Letters.

From that time until a month ago a correspondence was continued. What an in-



EMMA DEUCHLER.

twice; usher usually. I've always pitled the peor bridegroom, and I've always thought that—"
"You know, dear." she interrupted with scraphic gentleness, "it isn't too late yet. You need not play bridegroom even at the church ceremony if you are so timid. We can have a little wedding at home or in a police court or at the city hall. A rehearsal would be unnecessary then."
"I knew I'd put my foot in it if I spoke. I knew it. But you must admit, my dear Mildred, that it is undignified and—er—unsentimental and worldly."
"It would not be particularly effective or dignified to have the girls walk down the alsle with the wrong men or have the bridat."
Sine

dignified to have the girls walk down the aisle with the wrong men or have the bridal procession a blundering parade, would it? And that's what unrehearsed bridal processions are always. But you need not attend. The best man does all the work at a wedding, anyway. I will walk down the aisle with him at rehearsal. We can get on very nicely without you, dear. Now, let's talk of something else. I'll ring for tea."

let's talk of something else. I'll ring for tea."

He sipped his Oolong in silence while she chattered about flowers and friends and golf and books. As he rose to go he lingered irresolutely, his hat in his hand. "I think," he said, "I have changed my mind. It's awfully good and considerate of you to let me off, but I think I'll go to that rehearsal after all."

A few minutes later when two of her prospective bridesmalds happened to come in, he would, could he have looked in on them have heard mystifyingly merry peals hem, have heard mystifyingly merry peals

An Opportunity to Catch Up.

Eibert Hubbard in the Philistine.

If the next century added not a dollar to the world's material wealth, nor a single discovery to science, nor a new mechanical appliance, it might be just as well or better for the sons of earth. It would give the spiritual an opportunity to catch up. If you have read the history of nations dead and gone you know that their decline began when their prosperity was at its height; and when they felt most secure then it was that their foundations crumbled.

teresting story of love the several great boxes of letters might tell! They begin with simple, clumsily printed messages from the toddling Emma to her big friend, and they concerned the doing of dolldum. information about the household dog and cats, and the plays and rompings of a happy, innocent little girl. Then there are longer letters in all developments of a childish chirography, telling of story books that have come into the writer's life, her new dress and all about her lessons at school, and her control of her brother.

school, and her opinions of her brothers, sisters, and playmates,
Since the end of the first visit in the Deuchler home at Waco, Tex., fourteen years ago last December there have been many vicissitudes in the lives and fortunes of John Wilson and the childish Emma. But Wilson never for an hour faltered in his love. His parents left him an agreeably large estate four years ago. Two years ago he bought ranch property in San Bernardino county, and he has made it very attractive and fruitful.

Tells His Love. Several times he visited the Deuchlers. In 1890 he told the girl's parents of his

love. They laughed at him.

Several years ago Mr. Deuchler failed in business in Waco, and he and his family moved to El Paso. Wilson visited the

ily moved to El Paso. Wilson visited the family more frequently. He was pledged however, never to speak of his love to the girlish Emma until after she had reached her eighteenth birthday. He kept the pledge sacredly.

Twe years ago last July he for the first time revealed his heart to the young woman. Then there was a year of waiting for the young woman to come to a decision. Meanwhile her devoted and vigilant suitor was more active than ever. When a decision had been reached Mrs. Deuchler suddenly died, and Miss Emma could not leave her father's home for another year. The date of the marriage was finally settled, and the girl was made a bride at El Paso a few days ago.

MRS. ISAAC LAWRENCE,



The Beautiful Woman, Who Assisted the Inventor of the Holland Submarine Boat.